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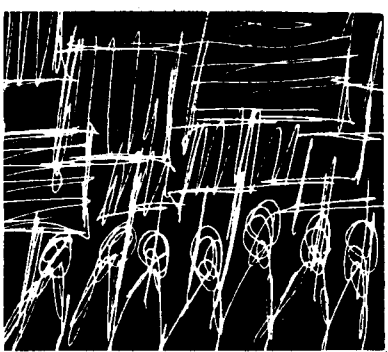

EUGENE C. BIANCHI

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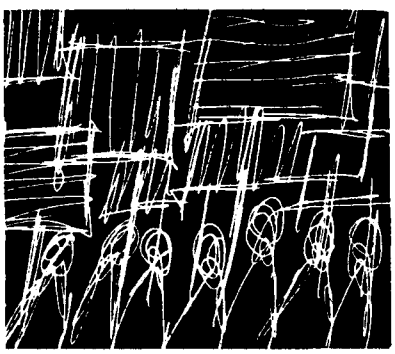
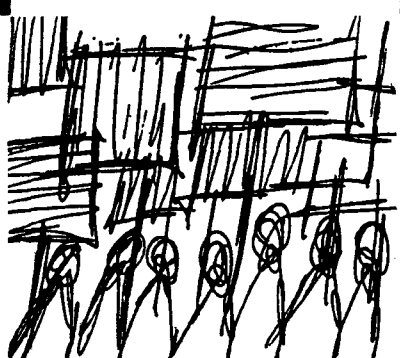


JOSEPH HILL

Walter Reuther's Gamble

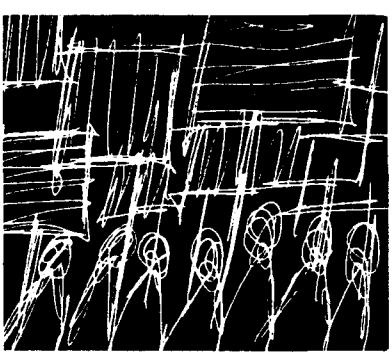


JOE PILATI

Mailer— On the Steps of City Hall

WILLIAM McCLINTON

No More Honky Apostolate



Also: *A maximum feasible review of Moynihan & Riessman on poverty* ***Harold Wolman*** • *Bankers, Bones and Beetles* ***Anne Fremantle*** • *Kingsley Amis* ***Linda Kuehl***

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NEWS & VIEWS

Managing the Image

Emile D'Antonio's Vietnam documentary, "In the Year of the Pig," provides another glimpse into television's politic coverage of the war.

Much of the film's footage was shot by and for American TV; most of it, of course, was never shown. What counters the compassionate, sweet-guy, peace-oriented GI image is carefully screened out and filed away in station and network libraries, there to collect dust—until turned up by a D'Antonio.

Such as the film clip of the helicopter crewman proudly explaining his gunship's exciting firepower. The newsman asks the copter's name. Straight-faced comes the answer: "Birth Control."

Or, the interview with Colonel George S. Patton, III, from the film library of WABC-TV, New York. Patton speaking of his men:

"Of course they're the subject of our constant concern because they're such a magnificent group of fighting men. Their morale is extremely high. They always have a smile. I was at a very kind of sobering thing last night, a memorial service for four men in the second squadron who were killed the other day, one of them being a medic, and the place was just packed. And we sang three hymns and had a nice prayer. I turned around and looked at their faces and they were —I was just proud. My feelings for America just soared because of their—the way they looked. They looked determined and reverent at the same time. But still they're a bloody good bunch of killers."

Comments of this sort are strung throughout the film, and, as D'Antonio remarked, "they sum up everything that's wrong with us."

"Take Patton. He's undoubtedly a good guy. He's the type of guy I'd like to sit down and have a drink with. But he dramatizes how totally irrelevant we are to a decent world."

If you've come to a similar conclusion through TV news reporting, it's more likely by indirection than the bluntness of the medium.

D'Antonio's film is now showing at the Cannes Film Festival. It opens in Paris May 23 and is slated for Chicago and New York during July or August. The trouble with New York is finding a theater. With skin movies like "I Am Curious, Yellow" tying up central spots, documentaries like "In the Year of the Pig" must wait on the shelf; that according to D'Antonio. Which seems a total pity.

More on Mace

Purpose of the hearings of the Senate Subcommittee on Executive Reorganization was to consider establishment of a department of consumer affairs.

It turned quickly to discussion of Mace, with former Food and Drug Commissioner James L. Goddard charging that bureaucratic foulups and gaps in the law had left the public's health, safety and pocketbook unprotected.

Armed with an aerosol can of *Subdue*, a variant of Mace available for $15.55 in at least one Washington store, Goddard ticked off effects of its usage: "corneal scars, conjunctivitis, dermatitis, chemical burns and sharp rises of blood pressures—up to 100 points within seconds."

Possible consequences: blindness and, among those having vascular problems, death.

Nevertheless, Goddard noted, only the Federal Trade Commission has anything to do with the chemical; its authority is to prevent improper labeling. Police use the chemical joyously, private circles with escalating indiscriminateness. Controls are lacking altogether.

Washington Post staffer Spencer Rich reported Goddard's testimony, but elsewhere it was pretty much overlooked. The *Congressional Record*, curiously, only carried mention that Goddard would appear before the committee, nothing on the testimony itself.

Harvard, Fair Harvard

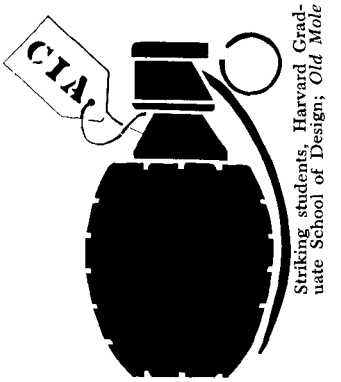
Considering what's turning up in university files, it's no wonder professors panic at the thought of student occupation of administration buildings.

Among those arguing with students against the seizing of Harvard's University Hall was Arthur Smithies, master of Kirkland House, member of the faculty of public administration, and Nathaniel Roper professor of political economy.

He had good reason. Among documents plucked from the files and fed to *The Old Mole* was a 1967 letter from Smithies to Dean Franklin L. Ford:

"Dear Franklin:

"The Central Intelligence Agency has instructed its consultants to inform their official superiors of this connection with the Agency. I hereby inform you of my connection of ten years duration. I wish I could add that there is something subtly interesting or sinister about it. Yours sincerely . . ."



Striking students, Harvard Graduate School of Design; *Old Mole*

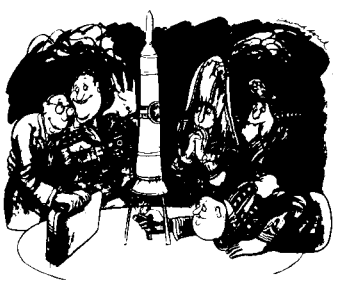
CORPORATION POWER

In the lower corner of the letter, in long-hand initialed "FLF," appears: "Acknowledge. Should we have a little confidential file on such relationships *outside* personal folders?" (emphasis FLF's)

Henceforth he'll suggest a vault.

Disarming Peaceniks

SANE's advertisement opposing the ABM system features five ecstatic Pentagon generals (one in Napoleonic headgear) and a civilian playing with a model ABM. The caption reads: "From the people who brought you Vietnam: the anti-ballistic system."



The ad appeared in the *New York Times*, in newspapers in different parts of the country, and was used by *Time* as an illustration with its April 11 cover story.

The ad did not appear, however, in the world's worst newspaper. The New York *Daily News* turned it down; "management decision."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Staying Rich

Milwaukee

To the Editors: I would agree in general with Mr. Weaver's analysis ["How to Stay the Richest Country in the World," April 4] of American economic policies designed to keep us rich and the others poor. However, I would take exception with his taking exception to the Peace Corps when he speaks of U.S. foreign aid that does not help underdeveloped countries to develop. Recently I was at a meeting of returned volunteers (Peace Corps and others) during which we discussed, among other things, the value of overseas volunteer service. We concluded that, in general, our service had NOT led to development of the countries where we served. In most cases the work we were doing supported the *status quo*, when we knew that what was needed was radical changes. Several in the group felt that they had been used by the State Department and the CIA, either to obtain information, or at least as a "front" to cover up other activities.

There certainly are cases where Peace Corps volunteers have managed to help individuals, just as some of our AID programs help individuals on a short run basis. But *development* is another question. It seems to me that the Peace Corps never was even conceived as an agent for *development*. It is meant to build an image of the U.S., a country of good will, while the *real* U.S. continues to collect $2 for every $1 spent in aid. GERTRUDE PAX

Professional Philosophy

Mountain View, Calif.

To the Editors: Mr. Gerber's "Varieties of Catholic Philosophers" [April 11] intimates, actually, he says it quite clearly, that philosophy has turned its formal back on the Plain Man. To P.M.'s queries it replies with S-P formulas. This would admittedly con-

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NIXON THE PREDICTABLE

In the springtime of his unidimensional presidency, Nixon has kept questionable silence on Vietnam, resurrected the ABM, undercut the Alliance for Progress, raised his voice on campus commotion, lost his cool on pornography, preached for religious conversion, played happy birthday for Duke Ellington and cheered the Kentucky Derby. So what did you expect, a cultural revolution? While the old Nixon spoke red-faced about driving "the crooks and Communists and those that defend them out of Washington," the new sublimely suggests building "a cathedral of the spirit." Some cathedral, some spirit!

Since announcing a secret plan to end the war last fall, Nixon has been embarrassingly inscrutable on Vietnam. A national ennui has allowed this temporizing time; but 34,000 ghosts haunt every presidential evasion and lead every latter-day march. Nonetheless, more are predestined to this constituency of dead men. Possessed by the same visions that led Lyndon Johnson into the abyss, Nixon is content to continue the human sacrifice. "It is the aim of this administration to bring men home just as soon as our security will allow us to do so. . . . I have not ordered and do not intend to order any reduction of our own activities. We will do what is necessary to defend our position and to maintain the strength of our bargaining position in the Paris peace talks." Not even a change in rhetoric as Nixon forges a ploughshare gap he can call his own.

Through some grand reapportionment of wisdom, Nixon took the city out of Sentinel. Even his J. Walter Thompson counselors could not sell that package. Then wisdom was exhausted as a more attractive rural system was substituted, naturally, for reasons of national security. Following the first round of criticism which penetrated Laird and Company's ABM defense, Nixon retorted with no new arguments, merely with familiar strangelove

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scares: "It is essential to avoid putting an American President—either this President or the next President—in a position where the United States would be second rather than first or at least equal to any potential enemy." Better dead than second, we always say.

Sniping at the Alliance for Progress did not advance solidarity with South America (see last week's editorial "A Matter of Priorities," May 9). The program has certainly failed its grandiose promise, but for want of something better, Nixon might have been less sharp in his criticism—implying that the Alliance was a public relations gimmick. Instead of all this, the President bequeathed South America his "highest priority" and a quartet of openness: "open eyes, open ears, open minds and open hearts." Somehow, there will have to be more.

The campus crisis is giving every law and order sympathizer a vernal second wind. Obviously the university is pure. There can be no case for fists or occupation. Missile research, biological weaponry, anti-revolutionary studies, institutionalized racism, police brutality—don't rifle our confidential files. When apotheosizing administration "backbone" in his student disruption speech, Nixon obtusely ignored the causes of dissent. Instead, he reduced the issue to student takeover: "But then I say that while they should have a voice, under no circumstances should they be given control of the colleges and universities." Nice deflection. Sort of like saying that black power is fine, but not if they expect to run the whole country. And look what happened to the South American universities when the students ran the show. Said Nixon: "That educational system, as far as higher education is concerned, in Latin America generally, is one of the most inferior in the world." Here come the moral: "I say let us not let it happen here in the United States of America." Your President is not putting you on. Think about that.

Obscenity-pornography-smut is always a winning item. And would you believe that some people are trying to profit from this unfortunate weakness of the flesh. These salacious peddlers of sin dare to use the U.S. mails and they must be stopped by new legislation. Yes, certainly. Individual aesthetic and moral sense ought to be protected. But need this crusade occupy the chief executive? There is a time for everything and indeed a time for obscenity. But is there not greater obscenity in the streets than the mailbox? It seems to be a matter of priority. Unfortunately, Nixon's is in the suburbs where he was elected.

The invocation of a religious turn for the country's youth is just another instance of the President's distance from the problems that are tearing the nation apart. How utterly silly to suffer the little children unto the Sunday White House services. That's really not where the action is. And unless Nixon finds the spot rather swiftly, even the gods will not save him or us.

Vice-President Bill Miller, however, is doing fine.

AUDITING THE PENTAGON

The country has become so immured to Pentagon extravagance that it barely winces any more over the litany of financial fiascos—like the B-70, which cost $1.4 billion and was then dropped; or the F-111, which cost $6 billion, twice the estimates, then was scrapped by all but the Air Force; or the Army's "dream tank," into which between $1.3 and $2 billion was poured and out of which no tank is expected to materialize; or the 375 Cheyenne helicopters which will cost at least double the estimated $1.5 million per craft; or the $23 billion which Senator Mike Mansfield tabulates was wasted over the past decade on missile development and deployment.

Waste is so much a part of the American way—and of the Pentagon penchant—that few bat an eyelash over such expenditures, even when at the same time other urgencies go begging. And fewer eyelashes, still, would have batted over the fact that 120 C-5A transport planes would cost, not $3.1 billion, but $5.2 billion. Yes, this was 66 percent above budgetary estimates, but what is 66 percent especially when the investment produces not only a fully functionable plane, but, as one official put it, one that will be "101 percent" of advance specifications?

Ordinarily the C-5A issue would have ended right there. But a curious thing happened in the accounting room. Uncharacteristically concerned over costs, officials doctored the books in order to conceal the excess or cost "overrun"—ostensibly to protect Lockheed, the C-5A contractor, by not placing its "position in the common stock market in jeopardy." Which, of course, made the C-5A matter another thing entirely. No longer was the issue one of Pentagon extravagance and indulgence in funds; the question was now one of business ethics. The Pentagon was caught tampering with legality, and this did cause eyes to boggle.

Senator William Proxmire immediately asked that the Securities and Exchange Commission investigate the possibility of legal violations by officials connected with the C-5A project—which puts a few individuals on the spot, like Air Force Colonel Kenneth N. Beckman, Assistant Air Force Secretary Robert H. Charles and former Defense Department controller Robert N. Anthony (now of Harvard). But no SEC investigation should begin and end with an audit of the C-5A accounts and a check of these officials. This should be only one detail of a comprehensive investigation; a look into the entire business operation of the Pentagon is essential.

Defense Secretary Laird commented upon taking office that he found $1.8 billion in overrun estimates on his desk. The figure appears to be conservative in light of the C-5A overrun, but conservative or not it underscores the point that an investigation is in order. By the same token, the C-5A details demonstrate that cost auditing and procurement efficiency should not be the sole focus of any investigation. The SEC should pinpoint overrun

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abuses, expose any and all extra-legal practices, and drive home the lesson that Pentagon privileges do not include immunity from the law.

Congressional pressures on the Pentagon have been building from several sides in recent months. In the House, watchdogs like Congressmen William S. Moorhead and Richard D. McCarthy are making life uncomfortable for the previously unchallengeable brass; and over in the Senate, Majority Leader Mansfield is affirming that it is no longer axiomatic that what the Pentagon wants, the Pentagon gets; "the days of the Pentagon asking and receiving are over," he commented recently.

The paradoxical thing is that, whereas there are these pressures and others from specialized groups, there has been virtually no cry from the grassroots against Pentagon policy. The Pentagon image has been a relatively undisturbed one, maybe because the vastness of the operation makes for a certain anonymity. In a way, it has been the Pentagon's lease on acceptability.

It would be a strange twist of fate if the Pentagon, which has been burning and bombing and building and arming all over the world, with hardly a ripple of conscience or protest from the general public, were brought before the bar of public opinion, not as a consequence of its military involvements, but because of some petty doctoring of account ledgers.

Public Housing in Black and White

After years of stacking blacks in vertical ghettos, the Chicago Housing Authority (CHA) will have to change its ways. U.S. District Judge Richard B. Austin recently found the CHA guilty of choosing housing sites "in a racially discriminatory manner," and the CHA's directors are now developing new site-selection procedures subject to the judge's approval. Judge Austin's decision, resulting from a suit filed by the American Civil Liberties Union in 1966, was called "one of the most important decisions nationwide since the 1954 Supreme Court decision desegregating the schools" by Jay Miller, executive director of the ACLU's Chicago chapter.

Evidence that CHA housing projects have reinforced Chicago's pattern of segregated neighborhoods is impressive. Nearly 150,000 people live in the 54 family housing projects operated by the CHA. Fifty of these projects are located in black neighborhoods, and 99 percent of their residents are black. Four projects are in white areas, and 93 to 99 percent of their tenants are white. The project with the lowest black occupancy—one percent—is Bridgeport Homes, located in Mayor Richard J. Daley's neighborhood.

How did this come about? Miller charged that "the CHA and the aldermen who help determine its policies have been a major cause of racial segregation in Chicago," and Judge Austin, in his lengthy decision, also placed much of the blame on Chicago's City Councilmen.

By law, public housing sites must be approved by the City Council, but for years the CHA has been giving each alderman a veto over any housing sites proposed for his ward. As a result, in 1965, for example, the CHA drafted plans for seven projects in white areas, but each of the plans was vetoed by an alderman before it reached the City Council. "No criterion other than race can plausibly explain those vetoes," Judge Austin stated.

Chicago's aldermen were not always involved in public housing. In its early days, when public housing was regarded as a way-station rather than a way of life for its residents, the CHA was building low-rise, relatively pleasant structures spread through the city. Vigorous, if unofficial, efforts were made to integrate the projects, with apartments sometimes quietly held vacant awaiting tenants of the right color. But in the early 1950's, the CHA confronted a rapidly growing, predominantly black group of people eligible for public housing. Many more units would have to be built quickly, but City Councilmen balked at any CHA efforts to cross de facto color lines with large groups of blacks.

With few friends in high places, the CHA had to capitulate. A CHA executive was forced out of office and all efforts at achieving "managed integration" went with her. Beginning in the mid 1950's, the CHA met the rising demand for public housing by building high-rise units inside Chicago's South and West Side ghettos.

The CHA architectural genre was epitomized in the Robert Taylor Homes—"the world's largest housing project." Stretching 15 blocks along South State Street, each of the project's 28 buildings houses about 1000 people, mostly children. Each of the enormous buildings is 16 stories high, each floor is marked by a caged-in, external corridor running the length of the building, each base is a smear of chalked and painted obscenities. In the Taylor Homes, violence in the elevators and stairwells, as well as on the grounds, is commonplace. Some families have refused to leave their slums for public housing if they must go to Taylor.

Not only are the residents of Taylor Homes and other high-rise units nearly all black, but more than 90 percents of those on the CHA waiting lists are also black. Yet studies prepared by the Urban League show twice as many whites as blacks qualify for public housing in Chicago. Poor whites shy away from applying for public housing because they know it means living in black neighborhoods, neighborhoods where they don't want to be and where they are no longer welcome.

The racial pattern in CHA housing can hardly be a surprise. A former CHA executive said in 1965, "Any

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housing built on the South Side, apart from Hyde Park (site of the University of Chicago) is bound to be all Negro," yet that is where the CHA did its building. Perhaps the CHA has consciously sought to perpetuate Chicago's pattern of segregated housing. More probably, CHA officials accepted the political realities; if they wanted to build any housing for blacks, they would have to put it in black neighborhoods.

Now the politically feeble CHA has Judge Austin's decision to support it if it wants to disperse the black population. So far it hasn't acted boldly. Following the court decision, CHA Chairman Charles R. Swibel said, "It's up to our community leaders, our clergymen, and our business people to help us."

Some community leaders haven't sounded too helpful yet. Mayor Daley told a press conference that the court decision "could conceivably slow up public housing construction in Chicago." Alderman Kenneth Campbell, a member of the City Council's committee on planning and housing, a Daley-man, and a Negro, expressed doubt that the CHA had been discriminating in its site selections. "Housing sites were traditionally selected in slum areas," he has said, adding, "It just happened that they were Negro areas."

But the CHA, working in conjunction with the ACLU, is beginning to move. Shortly after the court decision, Swibel said future CHA housing would be built in scattered neighborhoods and would conform architecturally with existing residences. He offered to build low-rent, low-rise public housing in any Chicago suburb that wanted it. Swibel also has said that the CHA will no longer submit proposed building sites to aldermen for their approval, but instead will bring proposals directly to the City Council.

Even if the CHA overcomes the opposition of Chicago's aldermen and succeeds in dispersing public housing, there is still no workable plan for insuring a greater racial balance within individual projects. Some Chicagoans have advocated a form of "managed integration" via informal racial quotas; such a system has been used in other cities. But Judge Austin's decision opposed that method.

Perhaps some means will be found to successfully integrate the public housing which will be built in the future. But what of the existing high-rise projects? They are located in the black man's land—an area whose boundaries the CHA helped to define and an area now considered off limits to whites by members of both races. These high-rise units have made Chicago's housing patterns all the more rigidly segregated. Whatever success the courts have in prodding the CHA to disperse and to integrate its public housing, Chicago's vertical ghettos will probably remain as monuments to governmental compliance with racist goals. HARVEY D. SHAPIRO

(Harvey D. Shapiro is a Ph.D. candidate in political science at the University of Chicago.)

No Honky Apostolate, Say Urban Priests

The difficulty in evaluating a convention on race, as in evaluating the racial problem itself, is not simply in sifting the wheat from the chaff, but even in distinguishing between the two. The 30th annual convention of the Catholic Clergy Conference on the Interracial Apostolate had barely gotten under way in Pittsburgh when a young black man from Brooklyn arose and denounced the whole event as irrelevant. Here you are, he said, sitting on your behinds in a big downtown hotel talking about the black problem, when you should be meeting in a black neighborhood where the money is needed and the problem is on exhibit. He washed his hands of such a futile gathering, he said, and then he stalked out, an indignant figure in brown suit and brown turtleneck sweater.

Is this wheat? An incisive exposure of white myopia, to be absorbed at least in part as wisdom for the future? Perhaps. The three or four other young blacks who joined the walkout apparently believed so. But given the needs of the convention—accommodations for some 300 delegates for two days—and the background of the delegates—workers in black neighborhoods—it is certainly debatable. At any rate, only a few dissidents left, and they came back at later sessions.

The CCCIA, a national organization of white and black priests who serve the inner city, chose black separatism as their convention theme this year, and the delegates, an interracial mixture of priests mostly, but also nuns and laymen, heard major talks on this topic. Some easily distinguishable wheat, that is to say, information of consequence, grew out of this portion of the convention. Black separatism is, if the insights of these black leaders are accurate and the enthusiasm of the black delegates for it any criterion, the new name of this nation's fateful racial game. As seen by these proponents, it is a movement not towards the violence feared by uneasy whites, but towards racial peace. Not the old peace of black subservience, however, but a peace based on a relationship between equals.

"I was a Negro once," Dr. Nathan Wright, the black Episcopalian minister who twice chaired the national Black Power Conference, told the delegates in his keynote talk, drawing a burst of appreciative laughter and applause from the blacks. But no "Negro," that is, no black man with a white "honkified" (read false) mind and values, will ever change the system, he said, however aggressive that Negro. Change will come only through a new self-awareness, a new deportment, a new power among blacks that will command white respect. And that kind of black society, using the special insights

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developed only by the rejected, will redeem America's corrupt ways, Dr. Wright prophesied.

This education on black separatism, and on other black trends and views, unfortunately had to be acquired in some instances at the time cost of again reviewing the white man's racial sins. However understandable and just such a review is from the black view, it is largely a waste on the type of racially sympathetic white who attends conventions like this. The most glaring example occurred when William "Bouie" Haden, a genuine and gifted Pittsburgh black leader but with a penchant for the denunciatory approach, harangued a workshop about the white man's historic role in slavery. "I'm past the point of beating my breast," one young white nun complained to me later. "I want to talk about what we do now."

It would seem to be, in fact, the main goal of such a convention to search for the best road ahead, particularly for the Church. From this standpoint, and considering just the quality of the resolutions coming from the sometimes lackluster workshops, the convention enjoyed success. Give to the black community, they say to the Church, special black deacons for the black priests it has been denied. Open the schools and school facilities to the black community regardless of religion. Give the black clergy and Religious a black (not anti-white) theology to relate to. Get cracking on white racism—"as on birth control," as one delegate commented to applause. Get involved with the drug problem with funds and personnel. It is a relatively modest appeal for greater involvement and will seem radical only to those unaware of the urgency of the black revolution.

If none of the resolutions get any further than the U.S. bishops' "in" basket, the convention can't be blamed. This would be unfortunate, however. In a perceptive comment to the delegates, Ted Harris, the new executive director of the National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice, said the question now for the Church, historically urban-rooted, is whether it will flee to suburbia with whites, or try to survive in the city. If the latter, it must develop the tools to work with the black community. The CCCIA, a group with expertise in the inner city, has come up with some models.

WILLIAM MCCLINTON

(William McClinton is associate editor of the Pittsburgh Catholic.*)*

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MAILER FOR MAYOR

ON THE STEPS OF CITY HALL

The Reporter—if he may abscond with Norman Mailer's usual unobtrusive characterization of himself—did a few double-takes and finally convinced himself that he was not relaxing in the cabin of some opulent seagoing craft, and that indeed this was Norman Mailer's nautically-outfitted living room overlooking the murky waters that separate Brooklyn from Manhattan. The Captain himself was strutting about making Kennedy-esque decisive gestures toward 20 invited guests who had come to discuss his soon-to-be-announced campaign to swab the decks of City Hall.

Those who have followed the Captain's checkered career—and who among us could *avoid* having followed Mailer's meanderings?—recalled that in 1961 he had trial-ballooned the idea of running for Mayor of New York City, but at that time nothing came of it. The Captain had subsequently collected some of his magazine pieces under the title "The Presidential Papers," and throughout his politico-literary epoch there had been intermittent entreaties from friends and acquaintances to seek public office. But since the Presidency was safely in the hands of the Squares, the Ship of State eluded the Captain; now, he has resolved to settle for the scuttled Scowboat of the City.

The scenario sketched in the Captain's quarters last month included having him hole up in his Provincetown seaport house for a week of rumination while the fawning acolytes in Manhattan and Brooklyn drummed up support, printed petitions, arranged media exposure and generally laid the groundwork for an all-out assault on the other candidates entered in the June 17 Democratic primary (with the single exception of Bronx Borough President and reformer Herman Badillo, of whom Mailer and most of his supporters are fond and whose name was pointedly excluded from a full-page *Village Voice* ad inaugurating the campaign and belittling the opposition). "WAGNERFRANKCAREYSCHEUERMURPHYPROCACCINO. . . That's the joke," said the announcement from Campaign Central, "not Mailer and Breslin." Jimmy Breslin, former *New York Post* columnist and currently an editor of *New York* magazine, is the Captain's choice for City Council President.

Petitions to qualify Mailer for the primary are now being circulated; a campaign office has been opened and staffed; Mailer has appeared before groups ranging from a high school militants' meeting arranged by Jeff Shero, editor of the underground weekly *Rat*, to an unreconstructed Goldwater gathering set up by former *National Review* staffer Noel E. Parmentel, Jr. (in keeping with the Captain's political strategy of "forging a hip coalition of the right and the left"). Most of those involved in the formative stages of the campaign are

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people alternately maligned or celebrated as bastions of the "New York Literary Establishment," but some others are arriving on the scene, such as fomer McCarthy press aide Alice Krakauer, who is now handling the campus coordination and has scheduled appearances for Mailer at Hunter, Queens, Fordham, Columbia, Brooklyn and St. John's.

The Captain seems fully cognizant of the fact that his most crucial task at this point in the campaign is to underscore the seriousness of the effort. *Village Voice* staffer Flaherty, Mailer's campaign manager is dismayed that the other contenders can be taken seriously—particularly "the affable bumbler," former Mayor Robert F. Wagner, Jr., who has returned from the court of Generalissimo Franco, where he was LBJ's ambassador, to seek his old job. The fact is that Mailer is dead serious, and the best evidence of this, according to one of his closest friends, is that he has "stopped drinking and lost ten pounds, and now he's in fighting trim." The credibility gap will be closed even tighter next week, when the Captain's first "position paper on the state of the city" will be published in *The New York Times Magazine.*

Although some participants in the first strategy session (such as Yippie leader Jerry Rubin) were left with the impression that what was afoot was first of all a tactical alliance between *The Village Voice* (of which Mailer is a stockholder) and *New York* magazine to manufacture fascinating copy, the Captain's campaign is now receiving respectful attention from all the mass media and from the other candidates. All of which is not to say that it's been smooth sailing since the official launching: one incident I witnessed in Mailer's living room will be illustrative. Militant attorney Florynce Kennedy, the only black participant in the initial discussions, was stressing the need to place a black spokesman on the ticket. (She had suggested that Congressman Adam Powell run on the top of the ticket, but Breslin quashed the idea with the comment, "We're supposed to be nuts, but Powell isn't even reliable.") The name of Beulah Sanders, a leading welfare rights campaigner who ran for the State Senate last year, was raised and prompted Mailer to ask, "Who's she?" Another guest described Mrs. Sanders' work in generally favorable terms, but concluded with the comment that "she's kind of square." For Mailer that settled the matter: "I don't want anyone who's not hip on this ticket," he thundered. Miss Kennedy's present attitude toward the campaign is, perforce, somewhat ambivalent.

There has been increasing speculation that a major beneficiary of a strong Mailer campaign might be none other than Mayor John Vliet Lindsay. Rumors that Lindsay people are more than tangentially involved in behind-the-scenes maneuvering with Mailer were given credence last week when it confirmed that David Garth, producer of Lindsay's weekly television series (now suspended according to FCC regulations) and a key media aide to the Mayor, has participated in private discussions with Mailer's Marauders at the apartment of Gloria Steinem of *New York Magazine.* As one of the chief catalysts of the Mailer campaign remarked—possibly facetiously—"We're either going to get our money from Lindsay or the Mafia."

Perhaps the most striking proposal Mailer will raise in his first "position paper" is the suggestion that New York City become a largely autonomous "city-state," extricating itself from the clutches of the Republican-controlled and upstate-dominated Legislature in Albany. Mailer reportedly will start with the assumption that his election would constitute a popular mandate to break decisively with the upstate power brokers; if the Legislature won't swallow this, he may withhold city tax revenues from the state as an exercise in civil disobedience. Mailer will be an outspoken advocate of decentralization in all areas of urban affairs, even to the point of proposing that Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant become semi-autonomous townships with the power to disperse, through elected community representatives, funds for city services in specified neighborhoods. "It's a lot easier to steal from an abstraction than from your own neighbors," the Captain asserts.

Speaking before the Tilden Democratic Club in Manhattan, Mailer experienced some difficulty in educating the traditional doorbell-ringing legions regarding his novel conception of the new politics. "The club members kept telling him he should be talking about improving existing programs rather than having people control their own lives," one aide regretfully reported. The convinced, the semi-convinced and the skeptics all seem to agree, however, that Mailer's campaign could have a salutary effect on local politics comparable to that of William F. Buckley, Jr., in 1965, when the fair-haired conservative's candidacy forced the other aspirants to eschew sham issues and declare themselves forcefully on many of the city's major ills. Indeed, some of the Captain's proposals, such as a ban on cars in certain midtown areas during peak traffic hours, were enunciated by Buckley in his quixotic crusade four years ago.

Former Mayor Wagner's decision to seek a fourth term is what finally spurred Mailer to run: to the Captain, Wagner represents "mediocrity, dull greed, emptiness of vision and an inability to confront any issue which is not situated under the table." Mayor John V. Lindsay, elected as a Republican-Liberal fusion candidate in 1965, rates a more charitable appraisal: he has been "decent and honorable," but he "lacks imagination and he's irretrievably locked to the real estate interests."

Mailer as Mayor—could it happen? It seems highly unlikely today, but one should never underestimate the Captain. He runs a tight ship. JOE PILATI

(Joe Pilati is on the news/features staff of The Village Voice.)

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RESISTANCE IN THE CHURCH

An end to liberal naivete

EUGENE C. BIANCHI

The Roman inquisition of Ivan Illich revealed a basic problem in reforming the Catholic Church. In numerous articles and editorials, the reform-minded point to the blatant contrast between the procedures inflicted on Illich and the spirit of Vatican II. One gets the feeling that if we talk and write about it enough, the Msgrs. Casoria will fold up their crude questionnaires, put away their book, bell and candle, and slink away forever into the dark caverns of the Vatican. But the Casorias of this world will continue to laugh at this liberal naiveté all the way to the next reformer's stake. They know that mouth and pen reform will not break their traditional bones. In brief, the crucial gap in the Catholic reformer mentality today is the substitution of words for action. Our strategies of reform are too pious; they must become more revolutionary. We must consider the full range of non-violent techniques to effect change in the Church including strikes, economic boycotts, strategic disruption and the maintenance of organizations as pressure groups.

We must be willing to face squarely the realities of concentrated power in the Church. It is hard to modify even a system of representative democracy such as the American federal government. In spite of the built-in checks and balances and the recurring opportunities to turn the rascals out by suffrage, abusive power tends to grow in some sector of Capitol Hill or in the White House-Pentagon complex. Even in the supposedly open world of the university, power tends to collect abusively in the student, faculty, or more likely, administrative-trustee group.

In the Catholic Church, however, which has neither an impressive tradition of openness nor legally built-in structural correctives, power concentrations approach the absolute. The feudal-medieval model of Catholicism with its dominative power has not been basically altered even after Vatican II. The bishop may choose a path of paternal benevolence, but structurally he is one of the few remaining absolute monarchs. And the closer one's life becomes involved with the hierarchical machinery, the more total becomes the bishop's or superior's control over human destinies. On the American scene, this power is strongly reaffirmed by the bishop's prerogatives as Corporation Sole according to legal statutes.

This tremendous control over human and material resources will not be limited by learned writings and brave editorials, although the latter do have an important educative effect. Forms of creative resistance in action must complement the intellectual-theological renewal. The Catholic system will change effectively only when clergy and laity learn the wise uses of countervailing power. We have seen the beginnings of such reformist tactics in a few active protests by independent clerical and lay organizations. But for the most part, priests' senates and diocesan councils of laymen are still house organs. Those in power know that the best way to minimize the threat of countervailing power is to absorb the latter into "consultative" or "advisory" capacities. In this light, one might think of De Gaulle's offering Daniel Cohn-Bendit an advisory post in the ministry of education or Nixon's making Eldridge Cleaver a black White House intellectual.

To call for creative resistance in action as a necessary countervailing force in Catholic reform is not an emotional attempt to blame everything on bishops and superiors. It is rather an effort to see the structural and psy-

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chological realities for what they are. These officials are not villains, but they are products of a system that has sacralized their power and has identified it with the essence of Catholicism. They have been taught from their earliest years that Jesus founded a monarchical Church and that to alter this structure would be tantamount to defying the very will of God. Styles of filial obedience have been ingrained in these officials through long years of seminary and often chancery training. To affirm that a system of democratic participation is closer to the gospel than that of the feudal-medieval model would seem to most bishops both heretical and psychologically upsetting. Their education did not provide adequate understanding of how ecclesial structures are patterned after the secular polity structures dominant in certain historical periods of Catholicism. Moreover, the personal self-identities of these officials have been formed after the monarchical pattern; only through this prism can they understand who they are both as religious officials and as distinct individuals.

Behind the Rhetoric

Resistance through organized action in the Church implies a use of force or power that appears to be inconsistent with or inimical to Christianity. Yet this latter attitude prevails in many minds because they have been fashioned by a whole rhetoric of pious subservience. This formation causes us to lose sight of the truth that Christian eschatology calls for a constant judgment on institutions, even (or especially) ecclesiastical ones.

In this sense, the gospel urges Christians to the kind of revolutionary resistance that Jesus exercised towards the ecclesiastical institutions of his time. This *metanoia* was not simply an individualistic change of heart; it implied also an organized resistance to rites and observances that were judged to militate against the freeing response of faith. To divinize any polity structure, be it congregational, presbyterian or episcopal, would be a sin against the very dynamism of Christian eschatology. These structures must be adapted to the changing needs of the believing, witnessing community.

This task of adapting long-entrenched institutions to new needs requires the organized pressure of resistance movements. It is almost a sociological truism that establishments do not voluntarily and graciously share their power. The Capitalist Establishment of the 1930's was mainly modified by the organized pressures of labor unions. The white Establishment today is slowly being changed by the organized protests of moderate and radical black groups. We praise Martin Luther King, Jr. for his prophetic Christian stance, but we tend to overlook his planned use of organized, non-violent power to bring about change. So also in the Church, it is usually futile to protest effectively the building of a new cathedral unless the laity has organized means of cutting off the needed finances. It is pure Pollyanna to suppose that a more liberal stance on academic freedom would have been taken at Catholic University of America without the organized demonstrations of students and faculty. Institutions do not commit suicide, nor do they easily fade away; like old horses, certain institutional structures must sometimes be done in before being transported to the glue factory.

The purpose of creative resistance is neither antinomian nor anarchistic. Struggle and conflict for their own sakes are sometimes the goals of revolutionary individuals who mold their own identity as harbingers of chaos. But these ends are pursued at the expense of building a more humane social order. Such revolutionary resistance is not creative but destructive. Creative resistance, on the contrary, recognizes the need for institutions and laws in any human society including the churches. The goals of such resistance is to adapt and change institutional structures and legislation to better serve the freedom and growth of men in community.

Catholicism is still too afflicted with the patterns of unfreedom. Too many sincere Catholics, lay and clerical, are hurting unnecessarily because of restrictions and impositions that are not only outmoded but positively harmful to growth in human and gospel freedom. It would not be difficult to list the unfreedoms from the monarchical or oligarchic use of material resources to varieties of censorship to the misconceived birth control doctrine. The purpose of creative resistance movements is to analyze clearly the abusive power concentrations that maintain these unfreedoms and to work in an organized way to effect change.

Groups of creative resistance in the Church must be willing to sit in judgment on their own motives. Individual or corporate self-aggrandizement through revolutionary tactics is always a temptation. Prophets also have a tendency to be self-righteously crusading. Yet the constant search for the beam in one's own eye cannot be used as an excuse for inaction. The powers that be, through preaching self-denial and repentance, would be happy to foster such introspective scruples. Not only would the motives of the resisters be challenged by officials but their intentions would also be classified as impious and disruptive of the Church. Even the much less organized resistance now staged in such places as Holland draws anguished cries from Rome. It can truly be said of these conservative ecclesiastics that they are far more astute than the liberals at recognizing threats to their system of control.

The means of creative resistance should be responsible and proportionate in intensity of opposition to the particular situation. It is assumed that the paths of sweet reasonableness and harmonious cooperation have been exhausted. Resisters will want to practice patience and forbearance with ecclesiastical officials, whose training has ill equipped them for dealing with concerted oppcsi-

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tion in the Church. (I deliberately use "ecclesiastical officials" to avoid the snare of seeing creative resistance as defiance against "the Church." A favorite ploy of the officials is to describe themselves as "the Church." Truth is that we are all the Church: officials and resisters alike.)

Since the organized opposition that I envision is a serious matter, the resistance will have to exercise good judgment in trying to foresee the total effect of organized opposition. The disorder and bitterness unleashed by organized resistance can be more detrimental than a gradual approach to change. Existing channels of communication ought to be respected and expanded. Yet none of the negative byproducts of planned resistance are sufficient reason to negate its creative uses in many situations.

For Instance

Let us take some possible examples of creative resistance in action. First, consider priests and religious who occupy especially sensitive positions in the ecclesiastical establishment. If the Canon Law Society of America were more than a debating society, they might have staged a walkout from every chancery in the country for a considerable amount of time as a protest against serious breaches of due process in such cases as the Washington priests' suspension or that of Ivan Illich. In serious cases of violating of academic freedom or the professional rights of a teacher in a Catholic school, a teachers' strike, involving laity also, could very well be an ultimate mode of resistance.

Another ultimate method, perhaps the most effective of all, would be for priests to cease their sacramental functions, except in emergencies, throughout a region for a definite time. Unthinkable? Not necessarily. Perhaps the violence being exercised by officialdom against human dignity merits such action. The point of these examples is that priests and religious have a very important means of resistance in the organized curtailment of their services.

Yet a number of factors militate against such creative resistance among priests and religious. First, their educational system has often indoctrinated them to view such resistance in action as sinful disobedience. And the system has done its work well in inducing fears and doubts in these matters. Not far under the surface of much Vatican II liberalism is the persistent fear that God, a wrathful taskmaster, still caucuses with the men in red. Somewhere in the back room our fates are sealed.

Secondly, the Catholic clergy is an especially intimidated group. They do not have independent means of support that would allow them to stand over against the system for a considerable length of time. They fear, though the fear is largely unfounded, not being able to earn a living should they have to absent themselves from clerical duties. Frequently enough, they are psychologically intimidated by community and family expectations. This dimension becomes all the more acute since they do not have the affectional support of their own wife and children to fall back on.

Yet in spite of these handicaps, the real alteration of the feudal-medieval model of Catholicism will most likely emanate from the lower clergy. They are still the most cohesive group, and they are gradually forming into associations. These priests' senates and other clergy groupings are presently very mild pressure forces. But when these associations find their real identities, a greater dose of courage and a few charismatic leaders, they may become very effective instruments for democratizing the Church and maximizing Christian freedoms. We can also hope that the fledgling Society of Priests for a Free Ministry and groups like the National Association for Pastoral Renewal will become more effective centers for uniting the clergy presently outside of official structures.

The rapidly growing number of priests and religious moving out of structures but still desirous of serving the Church may be a key factor in a serious revamping of the whole clerical system. For they can demonstrate concretely new styles of priestly and religious life. Their resistance may take the form of holding secular jobs, marrying and continuing to perform the liturgy. It is crucial that these persons not allow themselves to be "laicized" in mind and heart and action. For if they do this, the clerical options stay closed.

By what right do such men persist in these resistance actions? Violence to human dignity is to be resisted in the Church; corrupt laws are sometimes to be opposed openly. Positive, relevant, experimental forms of Christian life must be tried.

The laity will be much more difficult to organize into groups of creative resistance, but such mobilization is essential for any lasting reform. Secular occupations and other involvements restrict the time that laymen can devote to inner Church reform. Many, of course, are simply apathetic or uninterested. Others have become discouraged for want of channels through which their voices might be heard in the Church. Many are badly handicapped by their previous religious training which divinized the structures with which they grew up and insisted on subservience. The religious dimension of human personality, since it touches the realm of the transcendent and unknown, is an especially fertile realm for inducing deep fears and guilts. People thus formed cannot bear the risk of seeing clearly various evils in the Church; much less can they muster courage to speak out or act to correct abuses.

Yet the growing ranks of better educated Catholic laymen are forming significant groups of creative resistance in the Church. The National Association of Laymen has been outspoken in protesting official decrees and actions like the birth control encyclical and the suspension of the Washington priests. This organization is also pressing for progressive reforms regarding the use of financial re-

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sources and the reconstruction of canon law. Local independent associations of laymen, affiliated with the NAL, have the crucial task of countervailing pressure where the key decisions are usually made: on the diocesan level. The San Francisco Bay Area Council of Laymen has effectively urged the archdiocesan board of education to reassess policy regarding the parochial schools. This group has also begun a campaign for public disclosures of diocesan financial affairs. These are modest but important gestures of creative resistance.

More radical strategies of lay resistance have yet to be realized. Just as priests by restricting their services in an organized way could bring the whole ecclesiastical machinery to a standstill, so, too, the laity have untapped sources of persuasion through controlling the Church's financial intake. Most laymen have yet to be awakened to the fact that they could control or exert important pressure on ecclesiastical finances. If they want to effectively achieve the kind of participation in ecclesial decision-making that they should have, laymen will have to learn wise uses of their best bargaining instruments, the collection envelope and the pledge card.

Of course, the difficulties of effectively organizing laymen are enormous, for all the reasons mentioned above. Yet even these roadblocks to creative resistance can be cleared by careful planning and persuasive communication. Underlying all these suggestions is the conviction that a highly centralized power structure will not change meaningfully in a reasonable amount of time without being boldly confronted by organized, direct, non-violent action.

We have considered the clergy and laity separately for purposes of clarifying distinctive differences in their responses of creative resistance. But both groups need to sustain each other. This mutual support will be fostered through community life and liturgy. Progressive laity who understand the resistance will want to encourage liturgical life among priests who operate outside the structures. Such liturgies, incidentally, move in the direction of greater communal participation, with the priest assuming the role of fraternal enabler who fosters the participation of others in the liturgical community. Yet these underground communities would be mistaken to cut themselves off completely from the life of the official Church. Just as resistance movements must avoid a holier-than-thou elitism, so, too, officialdom must not be given the comfort of feeling that it can draw at will the lines demarcating who is in and who is out of the Church. The purpose of the resistance is not to set up another Church in the sectarian pattern, but to reform the traditional Church, to renew it for the sake of a relevant and believable gospel ministry.

The theological rationale for creative resistance can be discovered in the rich tradition of Hebraic prophetism, as well as in the central themes of the Christian heritage. The prophetic history of dissent can be traced through the biblical prophets to the early Christian community and to our own time through the left-wing churches of the Reformation. Christian eschatology means living between the "already" and the "not yet." This dynamism of the Spirit in history is constantly challenging us to resist the temptation to make idols of our culturally conditioned institutions.

Christianity, as a religion of the open future, opposes the deterministic fatalism of divinizing the feudal-medieval model of Catholicism. Christianity, as a religion of hope, gives men the courage to challenge the ecclesiastical status quo in the hope of making the Church a more effective reconciler amid human alienations. Such a ministry of reconciliation can only be achieved as a result of purifying conflict with the powers of evil in ourselves and our institutions. Christianity, as a religion of death and resurrection, would not be faithful to its authentic depths if it did not resist its sinful structures unto death for the sake of a renewed life.

Beyond the theological rationale for creative resistance, one could legitimately ask about the personal rationale of this resister. If I identified Roman Catholicism with its feudal-medieval model, the struggle would not be worth the effort. This paradigm, though not without nobility and excellence in its own historical context, was largely based on a now-outmoded worldview both in the realm of institution and of ideology. It was a worldview of eternally valid, hierarchical structures and categories. Classical ontology and realistic epistemology as ideological foundations of this system have long since shaken loose. Its super-structure of over-centralized, paternalistic authority, based on a now-dubious theology and on ineffectual sanctions, is presently showing signs of great strain. These signs point to a keenly-felt insecurity about the plausibility and legitimation of the older model. To identify Roman Catholicism with the dominant traits of this paradigm is indeed to number its days.

I cannot, however, make such an identification. Catholicism, in the broadest sweep of its tradition, is a much richer phenomenon than the feudal-medieval model. Newer biblical and patristic studies point to values on the levels of both idea and institution that have been ignored or masked by the system we have known. Moreover, a long and rich history of spirituality and liturgical experience defies any easy identification of Catholicism with the feudal-medieval model. Furthermore, the concrete witness by millions past and present to justice and charity cannot be confined to a particular paradigm.

The great human and material resources of the Church must not be wasted or abused. If we resist oppressive elements of the Church's past, it is for the sake of freeing it for renewed life and service today and tomorrow. The older model, however, will not be dismantled without considerable pain, struggle and misunderstanding. It is precisely at this point that we locate the value of creative resistance in the Church.

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Contesting Meany's status quo

WALTER REUTHER'S GAMBLE

JOSEPH HILL

With the very real possibility that it may sustain a defeat in the Senate over its Sentinel ABM proposal, and with the quagmire of Vietnam just as deep as it was in January, the Nixon administration had little to be thankful for as its first 100 days rushed to conclusion. Happiness, then, might be measured in smaller and unexpected but nonetheless significant occurrences in other sectors.

Surely one such cause for unconcealed pleasure must have been the fratricide renewed again between George Meany and Walter Reuther, a development which all but casts the die for a repeat of the old split in the labor movement.

In some respects Meany-watchers endure the same frustrations and fatalism as do Mao-watchers: their behavior is both irascible and predictable. In Meany's case, one does not really know when he will ejaculate a position which will in time become incorporated as policy for the 13 million AFL-CIO members who pay his salary. But one standard may be close to assessing his posture on controversial or crucial national issues: if Walter Reuther is for (or against) it, George will be against (or for) the position (a criteria which some predict will inevitably place organized labor in bed with Dick Nixon, Mel Laird and Ev Dirksen on the ABM issue).

The Meany "white paper" on Reuther, which was issued as a 40,000-word effort to "clear the record," tells little that most newsmen who had been covering the Washington labor beat had not been reporting for many months: the AFL-CIO President has made no mistakes in his stewardship; the onetime Federation vice president and long ago hopeful for succession—according to the AFL-CIO—was a spoiler, a stageman, a sore loser. Not only did he ignore the federation's chain of command, but he also ignored these forums and engaged in a public campaign of "evasions, misrepresentation and falsehood."

The response from Detroit predictably blasted Meany for his "self-serving document" and again raised direct questions which UAW spokesmen said had been ignored in the 99-page report, alleging that the AFL-CIO leadership had failed in the 1963 March on Washington, the 1967 rubber strike, the 1968 Memphis sanitation situation, organizing in general and specifically among farm workers. While the personalities involved were again Meany and Reuther, both camps refused direct comment from either of the combatants. The AFL-CIO report was the work of Meany executive assistant Lane Kirkland and his staff.

The report was received with apprehension in many quarters, not excluding local AFL-CIO leadership which in many cities had followed a live-and-let-live policy of friendly relations with both the UAW and the Teamsters, as *de facto* members of the labor community (and who together outnumber AFL-CIO affiliates in many urban centers). Now they must give lip service to an official position which in effect tells the Auto Workers: "your guy is a bum!" Others in the liberal-civil rights area, well aware that its own alliance has become unglued in recent years, are receiving the hostilities with disdain for the same reason that the Nixon administration views them with satisfaction.

About the only thing significant in the report is the public proclamation of Meany's irreconcilability apropos the UAW disaffiliation. There are some who had hoped that the feud would die with Reuther's exit and Meany's eventual withdrawal from active leadership. Now the AFL-CIO has declared this impossible, and as long as either leader retains leadership the split will endure.

Reuther will reply to the "white paper" in what may well be the formal establishment of an acknowledged rival labor federation when the long-delayed founding conference of the Alliance for Labor Action gets under way in Washington. Reuther and Frank Fitzsimmons may be launching a trial balloon which future labor historians will use as a benchmark to measure the resurgence of the social mobility of American trade unionism. Interested spectators will observe the launching from both within and without the broadly-defined Alliance, and the political fortunes of both union chiefs may well depend upon the actual impact of the undertaking.

Officials at the federal prison at Lewisburg, Pa., did not report whether Fitzsimmons was among those who sent greetings to former Teamster President Jimmy Hoffa, who marked his 56th birthday at the penitentiary on Feb. 15, but there is reason to believe that Hoffa would welcome as a belated present the structure of a new confederation of industrial and white collar workers. Mean-

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while, the stormy petrel who operates from the fourth floor of Detroit's Solidarity House will be the one laying his prestige on the line.

The old men of labor's mainstream, who unashamedly meet "in season" at Miami Beach, while their press relations men issue manifestos datelined Bal Harbour, have already contemptuously predicted the Alliance's demise in using one of the most terrible epitaphs in labor's equally terrible lexicon, that of "dual unionism." Behind their contempt is the not-so-secret apprehension growing out of recognition that a working Alliance which would attract even half a dozen of the smaller unions who have already flirted with Reuther (and who may also be on Reuther's duebill list) would form the seedbed for future defections.

Initially, what will be present could be a visible rivalry in the form of established unions counting almost four million members. While the facade of solidarity may be broken, so also will be the lines of labor's infrastructure in which CIO leadership has always sustained second-class status since the 1955 merger, and more militant AFL-CIO affiliates may see little but mythology to keep them from a move to the Alliance.

One regional union official who must go to his members for election every four years recently put it this way: "More than a third of our membership are literally under 30. It isn't a case of not trusting us—they don't even think we're relevant, and some of them are convinced that we sold them out because there was no cost-of-living in the last contract. Most of the others may not have been there when it happened, but they know that things changed when John Lewis told the AFL to go to hell. I'm not sure if we don't have the same mixture today."

Another undercurrent in the trade unions may be really an iceberg ahead of the Reuther-Teamster labor ark. This is the new black caucuses, organized and appealing for support both within the unions and in the community. Ironically, it is a force which could become part of a new unionism which the ALA has called for, but it is in Reuther's own UAW that confrontations are already building up—with the UAW establishment and opposed by some sectors of black membership.

The seriousness with which the UAW leadership has greeted the black caucuses movement was underscored on March 19, when the Union's International Executive Board sent a four-page letter to some 350,000 members in the greater Detroit area with an implied denunciation of the black revolutionary movements. "The UAW will not protect workers who resort to violence and intimidation with the conscious purpose of dividing our union along racist lines," the letter declared. A companion response has been to revive the inactive Fair Employment Practices Committee of the International, whose co-chairmen are Reuther and black UAW leader William Oliver. Few observers think that it will affect the internal situation, however.

Despite protests to the contrary, if there were an absence of discrimination in employment at all levels, in upgrading and job training in the mass industries as well as in the building and trade crafts, and in even proportional representation within the high councils of most of the unions—then there would be no need for the black caucus movement. Its very existence is witness to the fact that their grievances are legitimate and in a negative way fuels those who would form black separatist unions —a divisive and basically anti-union undertaking which has found some limited appeal in California (and which the less sophisticated elements of business have already recognized as a valuable tool, through the strange relationship of the "Black Workers Alliance" and the Right-to-Work Committee).

What union functionaries term "sticky situations" have already occurred with the UAW's two black caucuses, the Dodge Revolutionary Union Movement (DRUM) and the Ford Revolutionary Union Movement (FRUM). Last month DRUM found a *cause célèbre* on Detroit's East Side, when 86 workers at the Eldon Chrysler gear and axle plant were fired because they refused to cross DRUM picket lines. The lines were thrown up to protest what were described as "bottom of the barrel" jobs involving the hardest and dirtiest work, which allegedly had been reserved for black workers—including women.

It is in this sector—the traditional sacred ground of shop and factory grievance committees—that the arena of conflict sharpens when black action groups escalate their programs. For despite the vast majority of trade union positions (the UAW is a pace-setter and activist union among them), convention resolutions cannot erase job seniority—and black workers with little seniority inevitably become the festering sore around which black caucuses form.

A long-time irritant to one of the AFL-CIO's larger affiliates, the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union, has been its District 65, composed of almost 30,000 workers—most of them Negro and Puerto Rican store clerks in the New York City area. In late March, District 65 all but thumbed its nose at Meany when its convention withheld its annual per capita to the International and announced that it would cooperate with the ALA should it deem this course beneficial. UAW and Teamster vice presidents from Detroit, St. Louis and New York addressed the delegates while Retail Wholesale International President Max Greenberg declined to participate with the exiles on the same platform.

How Reuther responds to the black unrest in his own union will of course directly be interpreted as the role which his ALA will have in meeting the problems of both Negro workers as well as the hard core black unemployed. Militants and even moderate black activists may dismiss the Alliance as little more than an expression of intramural factionalism should Reuther react to

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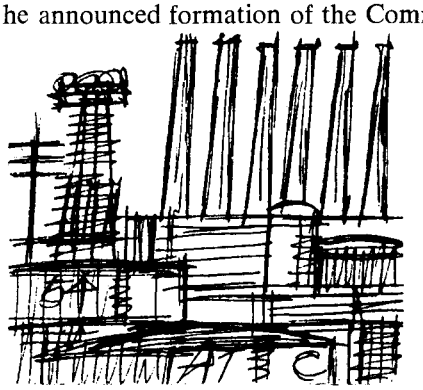
his own dissidents in the manner the non-black majority within the UAW fully expect he will.

The UAW president has created his own dilemma: he left labor's "mainstream" after reciting a litany on non-involvement against George Meany and his fellow members of the over-65 club who direct the course of the AFL-CIO. Most of his allegations are valid from the vantage point of those who hold that labor's role should be solidarity and identification with progressive social causes, including an anti-establishment posture on the campus as well as cutting the cold war knot. The realities, sadly, may be closer to a rank and file acceptance of what one critic calls "the insistence of the AFL-CIO's national mugwumps to continue promoting the Cold War as if it were the annual shop safety drive."

The Reuther-Teamster ALA has promised to broaden labor's horizons by implementing its slogans to "organize the unorganized," to meet the growing threat of conglomerate industrial fronts with strong industry-wide union counterparts, to again become a pacesetter in social-economic legislative lobbying. Dramatic as these may read to those who seek a revival of a left-labor coalition, however, to the average union member they are both distant and far from the top of his own priorities.

Walter Reuther must have recognized this when last November he announced formation of the Committee for



National Health Insurance, which is now launching a campaign for a health insurance program that would make available high quality, comprehensive medical care to all Americans. It would be difficult to find a single gut issue after hard economic wage gains—coupled with cost-of-living escalator—which would find more universal acceptance as a goal among trade union members than medical coverage.

European visitors still express amazement that the United States is without a system of health care guaranteed by the government, covering all citizens without regard to age or status. Americans spent 6.3 percent of the Gross National Product, or more than $53 billion dollars last year through the government, to pre-paid medical care and out of the pocket for health costs. Only in recent years have these same Americans begun to realize that the quality of health care received is not necessarily proportionate to the dollars the medical care industry takes annually.

Organized labor ranks second only to the government in the purchase of health care. The fact may have sent a shudder through the medical insurance industry recently when representatives of some two million California trade union members met to incorporate the California Council for Health Plan Alternatives, and were told by Louis Goldblatt, fiery Bay Area longshoremen's leader that "we cannot do without doctors and we cannot do without hospitals, but we can damn well do without insurance companies." He called for an end of labor's role as "merely a disbursement agency" of negotiated union dollars to insurance carriers and medical plans and the securing of reasonably priced, high quality programs for membership health care.

The California labor health program, although operating on an ad hoc basis for three years, was formalized shortly after the Reuther-sponsored Committee was launched. The UAW's West Coast leader, Paul Schrade, is one of its leaders; Einar Mohn, powerful director of the Western Conference of Teamsters, is the chairman; Goldblatt, secretary-treasurer of Harry Bridges' long-exiled Longshoremen, is secretary. And despite eyebrow-raising and mumbles of discontent from the labor Pentagon, the AFL-CIO's largest state affiliate has cooperated with and followed the leadership of erstwhile public pariahs in the bread-and-butter issue that Walter Reuther has chosen as his next citizen crusade.

Old New Dealers recall that when the original Social Security bill was drafted in 1935, it included a National Health Plan. To pass the bill, the FDR Administration had to drop the health section, assuming that it would come—that it would have to come in a highly industrial economy—within the decade. Today, 34 years later, the United States still retains the dubious distinction of being the only industrial nation in the world without government health care.

With the Nixon administration de-escalating the limited social and economic programs enacted in the Kennedy-Johnson decade, it would seem an unlikely climate in which to launch such a far-reaching proposal for government involvement. Yet the struggle for even modest Medicare coverage revealed that the public support factor not only overtook, but in many ways had to lead the politicians in its enactment.

Reuther's gamble may be to cover his bets with an unhappy membership constituency by calling for a tangible that they can relate to their struggle in the wage-price spiral—as well as further popular identification with other industrial workers, who seek recognition of real priorities. It could propel his fledgling Alliance and divert the heat from his own mini-revolt of black rank and file. And if successful, it could also begin to chip away from the establishment that has already drummed him out—a house of labor that is gradually becoming Whig in politics and at least an anachronism in an America racked by internal change.

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THE STAGE

Georg Büchner's *Wozzeck* is one of the most tantalizing plays ever written. Unlike *Danton's Death*, in which the richness, the complications, the ambiguities add up to an artistic whole by reflecting the play's major themes and the mind of the protagonist, *Wozzeck* is all fragments, shards. It is a collection of brief scenes, never put in final form by Büchner himself; it has been left to Büchner's editors or, from where I sit, his English translators to decide the order of scenes, to make the juxtapositions out of which a dramatic experience will presumably emerge.

There is a plot of sorts in *Wozzeck*, one that might pass as a *crime passionnel* if convention did not demand that the participants in such a triangle be more elegant than Wozzeck, Marie, the woman with whom he lives and by whom he has had a child, and the Drum Major, her turkey-cock lover. Yet, it is nothing as simple as uncontrolled passion that makes Wozzeck kill Marie. He is driven by forces outside himself to destroy his one comfort in life, to make desperately clear what has been apparent throughout the play, that he is the victim of a society and a universe so indifferent that they become antagonistic.

Although the play was written in the 1830's, Wozzeck is usually taken as a perfect model of the twentieth-century little man as victim. Yet, Büchner uses Wozzeck as an ironic device, his simple, often baffled remarks and actions putting in perspective the empty morality of the Captain, the idiotic science of the Doctor. The difficulty with the play—one would guess from reading it—is that the protagonist must vacillate between an almost monosyllabic acceptance and an incoherent frenzy. The actor who plays the part must try to keep from disappearing in the scenes in which he is being put upon and stop short of becoming a romantic figure when he cries out against the heavens; he must convey the constant possibility of explosion; and, most of all, since Büchner is the least sentimental of playwrights, he must avoid pathos.

Wozzeck ought to be funny and horrible and as cold as one of the Doctor's scientific facts or the Grandmother's story in which everyone is dead and the moon "a piece of rotten wood," the earth "an upside-down pot." None of these qualities emerged in the only *Wozzeck* I have ever seen, in a coffee house in Montreal, one of the new touch-and-tangle productions in which the performers could not keep their hands off one another, stroking, petting, wrestling, rolling their way through an evening which had little to do with a play about a man cut off from both God and his fellowmen.

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All this by way of introduction, my way of explaining that I went to the Metropolitan Opera's production of Alban Berg's *Wozzeck* for the wrong reasons. I went in search of Büchner, not Berg and I went as an innocent, completely unfamiliar with the opera. Berg's *Lulu* seems to me a remarkable work, dramatically exciting in its own right and at the same time an evocation of the original Wedekind play, sardonic even about its occasional lushness. Berg's music, about which I have neither the ear nor the training to talk except in the most general terms, should be ideal for Büchner; it can be powerful when necessary, but it is never likely to wrap the characters in conventional arias in which the music itself (the tunes) masks the ugliness of the situation. I knew that it was the opera, not the play, I was to see and I assumed that Berg would be the artistic star of the afternoon, but somehow I hoped, too, to get a glimpse of the *Wozzeck* that provocatively glances out of Büchner's uncertain pages.

It was Berg that I got, not Büchner. As with *Lulu,* Berg often sticks close to the original, borrowing whole sections of dialogue (the comic exchange between the Captain and the Doctor), retaining characters (the Fool, for instance) even when their significance is diminished. Yet, the important changes pull the whole play awry. By expanding the part of Marie, Berg brings the triangle to the front of the stage, thus placing the work more clearly in the passion-violence-heartbreak tradition of conventional opera. Not that he leaves it there. It is an opera with a strong social point. The Captain and the Doctor are still going their platitudinous ways at Wozzeck's expense. Berg has even added to this idea by substituting these two characters for the anonymous burghers who discuss but do nothing about the cries of the drowning Wozzeck. The protagonist is still a victim of circumstances, but these are now social and economic only, no longer metaphysical. In a program note, Eric A. Blackall, one of the translators of the libretto, using the popular post-Sartre terminology, says that Berg "toned down the existentialist nausea of Büchner, but emphasized the compassion in the work." Tenderized a tough play, that is, and narrowed its range.

What of the opera itself, Büchner momentarily forgotten? Beautifully sung, particularly by Geraint Evans (Wozzeck) and Evelyn Lear (Marie), it is an extremely clear production, the words of the English libretto happily accessible so that the musical and verbal lines work together. Dramatically, a number of things bothered me. Some of them are the old faults of opera, the staginess forced on the singers by the demands of the music which pull them into a face-forward position. Miss Lear, who on records is one of the most subtle dramatic singers (in Weill, in Blitzstein, as Lulu), can do a pathetic soliloquy grandly (although I do wish the pathos were clearly the character's not the composer's), but it is difficult for her to carry on a spirited quarrel when she has to turn and throw her remarks to the audience.

Other difficulties are not generic. Evans has been directed or has fallen into a disconcerting stance—upper body forward, head bent, body stiff—which may be intended to suggest both Wozzek's acquiescence and his potential eruption but which comes across as simple blockishness. The Doctor and the Captain are a little too amiable for my taste, although their amiability might be effectively unattractive if it were played off a less monolithic Wozzeck. For two acts, I watched the opera with interest, with respect, with the kind of doubt suggested by the criticisms above; then in the third act, the music, the dramatic situation, the performances fused into a compelling whole, refused to let me stand off and watch, swept me into the action. No cold Wozzeck for Berg. But that last scene! The one in which Wozzeck's son goes "hop-hop" on his wooden horse, alone, trailing the children as they run off to see the pond where Marie was murdered, Wozzeck drowned. It is pure schmaltz, at least in the Met's production. If there had been terrifying pity in it, I would not have left the theater, still riding the power of the last act, but asking myself if I had been had by Berg, sucked in by the triangle, moved by a non-melodic *Carmen.*

GERALD WEALES

PASOLINI'S PARABLE

THE SCREEN

Once when Robert Browning was asked about the meaning of one of his poems, he replied that when he wrote it only he and God knew what it meant—and now only God knows. I have a feeling that as time passes only God will know what Pier Paolo Pasolini's "Teorema" is about. Everyone will take a stab at interpretations (even director-writer Pasolini has spouted off with a few, very few) but each person seems to be speaking for himself. And the critics and commentators are proing and con-ing like mad, not only in Italy where the Vatican's *Osservatore Romano* attacked the film and Roman police seized it as obscene (a court in Venice acquitted Pasolini and producer Franco Rossellini, declaring "the film could not be considered obscene because of its artistic value"), but also in France, where it is a box-office hit, and now in the United States, where reviewers are rushing in to have their say.

I found, when I saw "Teorema" at the Venice Film Festival last summer, and still find, after seeing it again in New York, that the picture is fascinating. For me "Teorema" is a cinematic poem of incredible beauty. Like many great poems it is not easily understood. But it has a simplicity and rhythmic lyrical quality as it moves

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from scene to scene with mathematical precision. The film's title means theorem, but while Pasolini visualizes the episodes with geometric clarity, he never states what he is trying to prove, so how can we say Q.E.D. at the finale when we don't know what he was aiming at? I must say, however, that if religion is concerned with people's relations with God, this is a religious film. It is a cry against the materialism of our times. Mainly concentrating on a bourgeois family who live in an elegant house on the outskirts of Milan, "Teorema" shows what happens to them when a young man who visits them for a few days communicates with each one (through a sexual relationship) and changes the life of each person.

Through Pasolini's skillful direction, these scenes are not as shocking as they sound. The sexual element is meant to be a symbolic language. The visitor is never explained. Is he an angelic messenger? or a devil? The one statement that Pasolini has made about him in interviews is that he is *not* Christ. This guest is played with grace and charm by Terence Stamp. Interestingly enough, although the performances are good throughout, they are not exactly great examples of acting. At times the people themselves seem more like symbols meant to be the steps in proving the theorem. After his encounter with each of the five people in the household, the guest departs as mysteriously and quietly as he came.

It is then that the reaction sets in for each person. The maid (Laura Betti), who was the first to be attracted to the handsome guest, becomes even more religious than she was before. She returns to the farm from where she came, behaves like a saint, and even levitates—much to the admiration and approval of the farmers around. The family, however, do not fare so well. The daughter (Anne Wiazemsky) goes into a catatonic state. The son (Andres Jose Cruz Soublette) becomes an abstract artist and hopes to establish a technique all his own; he almost does in one scene when he urinates on a painting (although most of his paintings are so good they must have been done by established painters). The wife (Silvana Mangano) goes berserk on a binge of nymphomania, but reacts strongly to her behavior and we last see her entering a church. The husband (Massimo Girotti) a rich industrialist, gives away his factory to his workers, strips himself naked, and flees to a volcanic plain, and runs and runs. As he comes toward us he lets out an unearthly scream, perhaps in pain at the agony through which he's gone, or perhaps because this holy St. Francis atmosphere is too rarefied for him.

Just what Pasolini had in mind at this finale is not exactly clear. Is he saying that the bourgeoisie, unlike that religious earthy maid, cannot leave their middle-class morality and follow a religious line? In any case, this finale and all of "Teorema" are extremely stirring. It may be interesting for readers to know the wording of the comment made by the OCIC Jury, of which I was a member last summer in Venice. "By a majority vote, the International Catholic Film Office (OCIC) Jury, in this 29th International Film Festival, awards its prize to Pier Paolo Pasolini's 'Teorema.' Condemning certain aspects of a contemporary culture stultified by material comfort, this film breathes the ambiguity that characterizes our age. Out of it all, however, emerges a desperate need that propels the human spirit on a quest that best can be termed religious.

"In awarding this prize, the Jury pays tribute both to the intense sincerity and spiritual anxiety that glow through the ambivalence in Pasolini's film, and to its masterful formal beauty and simplicity."

With this statement I still agree, and I was sorry to learn recently that OCIC regretted our giving the award to this picture. Time may prove the Jury correct. Pasolini, Marxist and Freudian, has come through with a great work of art. His next cinematic poem may go even farther in celebrating the human spirit. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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HELEN SORRELLS

THORNTON CROSSING

Love, the dark is a robber.
See it take these hills
we have come to call
our hearts' color.

So much is lost to the night.
Things fold, draw in—
birds, the wind, our spirits
and the light.

How can the cat in the barn,
stalking a swallow,
equal the bell of the hounds
and the hunting horn?

The fields are bare.
Scarcely less blind than moles
we've watched the earth
close to the fox and hare.

We have not learned to walk
in step with what happens.
Even the country,
cooling against the stalk,

loves at its own,
its devastating cost.
Here, take my hand, lean with me
on the warmth of the wall:

Something is testified
by sun left in stone.

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BOOKS

The poor, the power structure and the polemicist

Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding

DANIEL MOYNIHAN

Free Press, $5.95

Strategies Against Poverty

FRANK RIESSMAN

Random House, $6.95

HAROLD WOLMAN

The War on Poverty, if it has done nothing else, has kept a small legion of writers out of the poorhouse. Two of the most recent efforts, Daniel Moynihan's *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding* and Frank Riessman's *Strategies Against Poverty*, exhibit as marked a contrast as could be found between two books ostensibly on the same subject. Moynihan offers a pessimistic "I told you so" chronicle of the failures of the Poverty Program, particularly the Community Action Program. Reissman presents, in tones approaching euphoria, an explicit plan for the end of poverty in this country.

Moynihan's essay is by far the more impressive. Although the first six chapters are little more than a rehashing of the historical antecedents of the poverty program (rehashing because Peter Morris and Martin Rein have already done this in their superb book, *Dilemmas of Social Reform*), the final chapters offer a stimulating and challenging interpretation of why Community Action failed.

Moynihan argues that the Community Action program failed primarily because activist social scientists in effect sold the Government a bill of goods. As a result the Community Action Program was based on a faulty premise. That premise was that the major cause for juvenile delinquency and crime lay primarily with the "opportunity structure" in the environment. If that were indeed the cause, then the remedy was obviously to change the environment. At first the reformers believed that coordination of various government units in a concerted attack on poverty was all that was necessary. The poor were to be involved, surely, but, as Moynihan points out, "in the interests of therapy as much as anything else. They (the reformers) also wanted City Hall involved." Some time after the passage of the legislation, however, coordinating governmental units gave way to conflict with those units as a means of changing the environment. The poor

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were pitted against the power structure. In such a confrontation, Moynihan comments, there was no doubt about who the winner would be. "Community Action Loses" is the title of his seventh chapter.

Moynihan attempts to play the detached observer, but his own views subtly sneak in between the lines. He writes, "At any time from 1961 to 1964 an afternoon of library research would have established that the Cloword-Ohlin thesis of opportunity structure, was nonetheless rather a minority position with the bulk of delinquency theory pointed in quite a different direction . . . most theorists in the field because of their emphasis on early family socialization, would be much less optimistic concerning rapid social change than were Cloword and Ohlin and their supporters." In short, Moynihan is arguing, as he did earlier in the ill-fated "Moynihan Report," that the major cause for the social pathology of American Negroes is the deterioration of family structure. His remedy is the family allowance, a device which he feels would strengthen family ties.

As for participation of the poor, Moynihan argues not only that it was unintended by most of the creators of the poverty program, but that it was probably undesirable even if it could have been achieved. Low participation, he argues, is more an effect of poverty than a cause. When the poor become richer they will participate, but if the poor participate it is not very likely they will become richer.

Moynihan's most bitter barbs are reserved for social scientists who are more interested in action than analysis. Yet it is hard to believe that a handful of social scientists are responsible for all the conflict generated by the Community Action Programs. In fact, it appears from Moynihan's own account that Jack Conway, of the United Auto Workers, is primarily responsible for the stress on participation by the poor in the guidelines issued by O.E.O. However, had the social scientists or guidelines never existed it is probable that the Community Action programs would have followed much the same path. Black communities were already engaged in political and social turmoil; the C.A.P.s simply provided a very visible vehicle for channeling that activity.

Moynihan, now an Assistant to President Nixon, concludes that middle-class activists, acting under the guise of academics, ought to leave the poor alone. "The role of social science," he pontificates, "lies not in the formulation of social policy, but in the measurement of its results." It does not seem unfair to ask at this point just what Moynihan—a social scientist surely—is doing on the White House staff. Are we to assume that his major duty is to *evaluate* social programs? What can we make of his advocacy of the family allowance?

Somewhere in this conclusion, Moynihan has a valid point, but he is unable to come to grips with it fully. Why should social scientists not involve themselves in policy formulation? Is their citizenship revoked upon entry into their discipline? What Moynihan undoubtedly means to suggest is that social scientists ought not to hide their own policy preferences under the guise of scientific knowledge. Thus, Moynihan is free to advocate a family allowance—but he is not free to say that political science or sociology as a discipline dictates family allowances as the best policy. The social sciences, in short, are neutral; it is the social scientists who have values. It is desirable that those values be isolated as much as possible from social science research.

Riessman's *Strategies Against Poverty* is a fine example of what Moynihan is complaining about. There is no distinction at all between advocacy and analysis. Riessman argues for attacking poverty through creating a vast number of subprofessional jobs (nurses' aide, teachers' aide, etc.) with opportunities for career advancement. The idea of "New Careers for the Poor" is an interesting and even exciting one, but Riessman manages to make it banal.

Riessman presents a detailed description of what the future will hold if he has anything to say about it. ("The development of child-care centers staffed by neighborhood workers will enable mothers to have their children cared for properly while they work; many of them will also work in the child-care centers.") He buttresses his argument by resorting to a technique which might best be called proof by assertion. ("The best way to develop a program for an antipoverty-oriented guaranteed annual income is to develop permanent jobs and careers, rather than stressing income independent of the jobs.") It is only fair to note that Moynihan some-

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times applies the same method, but there the similarity ends. Moynihan has produced a thought-provoking book even for those who may not agree with his conclusions. Reissman has written a dogmatic tract.

I Want It Now

KINGSLEY AMIS

Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.75

LINDA KUEHL

It is by now patently clear that many of the so-called "young angries"—Kingsley Amis, John Wain and John Braine, to name three—were not so much voicing moral outrage against social injustice during the fifties as they were vocalizing personal pique at being born lower class. In retrospect, their anger appears to have been sheer spleen. Jim Dixon (*Lucky Jim*) and Charles Lumley (*Hurry on Down*), who rebel and rail against society, ultimately grab a piece of the action which is what they were really after, just as Joe Lampton (*Life at the Top*) abandons his working-class ties once he lands the boss's daughter. Nor has the name of the game changed any in the past fifteen odd years. Braine officially converted from left-wing idealism to right-wing pragmatism. Wain prescribes traditional English values for his characters. Amis hobnobs with the upper crust under the guise of satire.

Of the misnomered angries, Amis received the heartiest reception in 1954, though his reputation had dipped considerably ever since. Five frivolous novels are to blame, besides excursions into science fiction and James Bond adventure. *I Want It Now*, as the latest novel is aptly titled, depicts a lesser Jim, Ronnie Appleyard—moderator of a TV panel-discussion program, parvenu and surly cur.

Ronnie's exploits run something like this: he meets a catatonic, monosyllabic, barefoot waif who offends him with her frigidity before attracting him again with her parentage, Lord and Lady Baldock; he launches a marry-Simon Quick (as she calls herself)-campaign which necessitates scheming against the vicious Mummy and sneering Daddy, while enduring their dreadfully boring social set; then, about two-thirds of the way through his crafty adventure—after Ronnie and Simon's first promising bedding—the cad undergoes a change of heart; he publicly denounces Mummy and her fortune, and wins the lass with the aid of Chummy, her reformed Daddy.

So everything works out "jolly randy," to use Ronnie's lingo, because the hero was "pissy" and "cheeky" enough to challenge the "pricey" and "priestessy" class which proves "unpissy" after all and "crappily" overrated. Add to this verbal panache, utterances like "mucilaginous mildness," frequent descriptions of female birthmarks and moles, and, there, with all due respect, is the book in a nutshell.

Besides being a *tour de force* of rhetoric—albeit an inadvertent one—*I Want It Now* depends upon gross clichés. The nobility gets pictured as sniveling idiots and the *nouveaux riches* as a pack of racist boors, which makes them about as formidable as a David Levine cartoon of Wally Cox. The author's inventive powers similarly fail him when describing opulence. If this book is any indication, Amis has never visited a Greek villa nor taken tea at an Eaton Square penthouse. To bone up, he might have studied Iris Murdoch's novel, *A Severed Head*, which brilliantly parodies extravagance. Instead, he opts for facile techniques like name-dropping—a jet set celebrity here, a chichi label there—as if mere mention of Margot and Rudi or Asprey and Sulka could lend his novel "tone."

Clichés accordingly dominate the hero's notion of richmanship. Apple-

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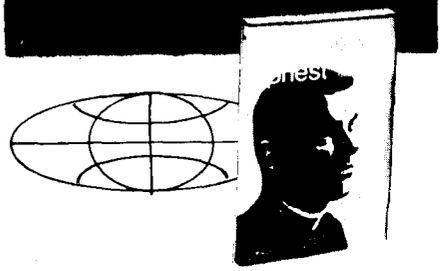

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yard vents his fury at the way the wealthy pinch pennies, at their vulgar taste, at their disdain for the poor and mistrust of the famous. After successive repetition, these targets grow increasingly unfunny and exceedingly annoying, especially since Ronnie does not dislike the rich so much as he resents being excluded from their magic circle. How fast his tune would change were he suddenly asked to join!

Such ill-disguised envy represents the book's most irritating feature as the reader senses that the author is using his protagonist to vent a personal spite toward the rich. The first two-thirds present Ronnie in an ironic light. We laugh at this self-seeking fanatic hell-bent upon marrying wealth because Amis also views him satirically. Consequently, we are surprised in the final third when Ronnie censures Lady Baldock, thereby proving he has not been after Simon's promising fortune. Such self-sacrifice is ludicrous, of course, since the fortune has been his goal all along. Moreover, as an incorrigible con-man, he is hardly the sort to redeem himself by marrying the disinherited daughter. The author's failure to foreshadow Ronnie's conversion from "grubby little upstart" to honorable gentleman, or, even to account for it, renders the novel inconsistent. So does the gratuitous shift in tone from irony to total sympathy. Whether Amis knows it or not, he winds up endorsing the scoundrel and his counterfeit values, hence the sentimental dénouement and triumph.

Unwittingly, the author-hero adopts all those public school mannerisms which lucky Jim so hilariously detested. He is cute, fashionably ribald and slangy, cynical, but, in a pinch, a loyal mate—the kind Etonians would choose for pubcrawling. However, good pubcrawlers do not always make good novelists.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

REVIEWERS

HAROLD WOLMAN is an assistant professor of political science at the University of Pennsylvania.

LINDA KUEHL, a previous contributor, is a free-lance writer.

ANNE FREMANTLE, author, anthologist and critic, edited *The Age of Belief*.

Bankers, Bones and Beetles

GEOFFREY HELLMAN

Natural History Press, $5.95

ANNE FREMANTLE

This centennial celebration of the Museum of Natural History is a wholly admirable account of a New York landmark, which is "repository for 16,000,000 mammals, minerals, meteorites, fossils, fish, insects and birds." The scale is vast indeed. The Museum houses 200 habitat groups, its library contains over 200,000 volumes, and there is a large collection of living animals (cats, rats, fish, ants and birds) upon whom the Animal Behavior experts concentrate. There is also the best collection of dinosaurs anywhere. And lots of other skeletons, including those of the Museum's own ethnological specimens —Eskimos brought back alive by Commander Peary and "nicely articulated" after their death from tuberculosis.

Above all, this book is a history of the extraordinary human beings who built, financed, furnished and served the Museum during its first hundred years. Far more engaging—and far funnier—indeed than any of the exhibits are such wonderfully eccentric characters as Albert S. Bickmore, the Museum's "revered founder" shown "in full whisker, saved by grasping a fern," and Mr. L. P. Gratacap, from whose letters to his employers Mr. Hellman quotes extensively. For example, this gem: "At Keelers. Looks as if it would go off if you lit a match across the street. Shall sleep with my feet out of the window on the fire escape. Good for the museum, however, 75 cents a day for room." After Gratacap's death, an obituarist wrote "He was . . . almost the only man to my knowledge who ever expressed himself as considering his services properly remunerated." Other rare Museum specimens include R. Libbie Hyman who, when awarded a gold medal in her eighties sighed "Oh,

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the time I wasted on vertebrates"; Dr. Oliver, who kept a live rattlesnake in his office and fed it a white mouse every other Wednesday; Dr. Edward D. Copes, the "famous Philadelphia paleontologist whose bitter rivalry with O. C. Marsh was a *cause célèbre* in dinosaur circles" and Nels C. Nelson who, when he got into a situation "where it looked as though some Mongol nomads were going to make trouble, . . . pretended to be a magician." He had a glass eye. Either he took it out, and replaced it, or he took it out, placed it on a rock, and said "I'm keeping an eye on you." According to both versions, the terrified natives ran.

There are intrusions of history. F. D. R. extends thanks for his membership card, and later gives the Museum ten Pine Grosbeaks. In 1910 the Museum is looking for "a desirable Hebrew to act as Trustee" (no doubt in 1970 they will be looking for a desirable Negro). The first person connected with the Museum to have felt the wholesale killing he did professionally as a moral problem seems to have been Carl E. Akeley. He was both a big game-hunter and a taxidermist, and "felt uncomfortable" shooting zebras and wild asses; and he influenced King Albert of the Belgians in the planning of the Parc National Albert on the slopes of Mount Mikeno.

The high standard of scientific integrity is demonstrated by the story Akeley told about a suggestion made "to overcome the shortage of a bull member of an antelope group, by placing together the skins of two females . . . I have never heard any human being flayed as was the individual who made that suggestion." Even more startling is the story of Paul Kammerer, a Viennese zoologist. He committed suicide when the thickly pigmented thumb pads in an experiment he was conducting on the midwife frog, were found to be induced by injection with Indian ink. Roy Chapman Andrews' comments on *Moby Dick* well illustrate the reaction of the expert to the amateur. "The story would be good if Melville had learned something about whales before he tried to write it. He seems to know nothing about the anatomy. . . ."

On every page there are exciting stories, as for example that of Professor Osborn's telepathic finding of a coryphodont amblepod tooth in the Gobi desert eight miles from the one found by Dr. Andrews. Dr. Andrews in his autobiography declared he had been "born to dig up dinosaur eggs. I am sure I would have been a rotten failure doing anything else." Dr. Willis Gertsch on the other hand, preferred live tarantulas and kept forty in his office as pets. "Much maligned" he called them.

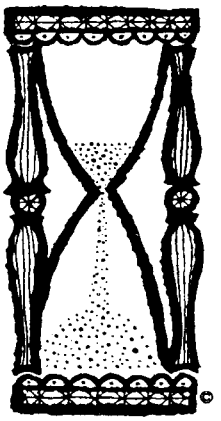
Few books can ever have been so lovingly researched; very few are so richly rewarding to read.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 251)

stitute a very bad state of affairs if P.M. were indeed in the kind of straights where S-P's fail to suffice. And he very often is. But it is generally a person who happens to wear the hat of a philosopher, even in German universities, and P.M. has every right to expect more than S-P's from such sources. It seems to me that *qua* philosopher (there, my heritage stands exposed) the philosopher ought to be expected to go about his business in a professional way. This may very well mean that he will have to use a strange sort of vocabulary and be something of a bore when it comes to judging an argument, but I defy him to be more arcane than the physicist. And the latter is consistently looked upon with indulgence and even considered a useful member of society. Despite the bomb. What is more, it is even possible for the physicist to be a good husband and father with an honest concern for P.M. Of course he always runs the risk of moving into the Realm of Ideas on a permanent basis, but life is a risky business. Perhaps Mr. Gerber means to point out that such a risk exists for the philosopher, be he Catholic or otherwise.

JOSEPH P. ZENK,S.S.
Chairman, Philosophy Department
St. Patrick's College



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